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For the National Era. UNCLE JOHN'S VISIT. A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

BY MARTHA RUSSELL.

[CONCLUDED.] Tea being over, and little Augustus Adelmar. Mr. Jimps's son and heir, having been ent to bed, after making several journeys to
-Danbury Cross" on the old man's foot, the
conversation turned upon the approaching Do-

Simpson sent home the stand to-day, dear. said Mrs. Jimps, turning to her husband. "It is a love of a thing. Uncle John, you must see it—my gift for Mrs. E.—, our pastor's wife. I do not believe there will be anything half so pretty sent in:" and running into the opposite parlor, she returned with a beautiful papier

ache work-stand. "Why, it is a pretty thing enough," said the old man, looking at it with a good deal of in-terest, as his nece explained the material and the process of manufacturing it. " That butterfly hovering over the rose, there, is as natural as life. But, what's it for, Julia? It is hardly strong enough to hold a mouse."
"Oh, it will hold light things; and then, it

is such a beautiful ornament in a parlor."

"And what might it have cost, niece ?" he Only twenty dollars. Orestes, how I wish your vases had been sent home, so that Uncle

John could have seen them, too. They are such beauties—the real Bohemian glass, and so mistake."

And what do they cost?" Twenty more," was the reply.

"Well, Dimmie, you said you was liberal, to-day, and I do not dispute it; but it does seem to me, children, with my old-fashioned notions, that you might have laid out your money more wisely, considering your minister's wife and children. But you mean well, doubtless, and cannot fail to be benefited by it yourselves, whatever your friends may be; for no one ever opened their purse-strings out of kindness without being the better for it."

"In that case, Uncle John, you will return a

much better man than you came, for I intend to make a draft on you," said Julia, blushing and laughing. "We are getting up a Society for the suppression of idolatry among the Chi-nese in California, and I must have you down

Stay a bit, niece. Chinese—I heard they were coming over there by thousands, but I don't know as they are much worse idolaters than our folks are there. Besides, I have one

tic guished member while on earth-the So ciety of Human Brotherhood, which has for its aim and object all the poor, oppressed, fallen, and down-trodden beings upon God's earth. must attend to this first, niece; and then I will see about yours."
There was silence a few moments, before the

old man who had risen and walked to the window, added, gaily—

By the by, children, I guess I'll just step round to the hotel, and take a look at 'Black

Not to-night-you surely need not go out to-night," cried Mr. and Mrs. Jimps in the

"Why not? See, it has stopped snowing and I am not quite so frail as Julia's stand there. Simon had a hard time of it, getting here, and the hostler may neglect him, poor fellow. You need not think I am lost, if I am not back in an hour or two," he added, as he passed through the hall; "I may find some old friends down there, and chat awhile."

Black Simon was looked after, and talked to for a few moments, much as if he had been a child; and then, instead of returning to the warm sitting-room of the hotel, or the elegant parlor of Mr. Jimps, the old man sturdily ploughed his way along the snowy streets, until he reached the suburbs of the city.

Here he slackened his steps, and paused occasionally to decipher by the dim light of the largest the superstance of the city of the city.

lamps the numbers on some of the dilapidated haldings which lined the street. At last, he approached one, from which issued the sounds of music and dancing, and knocked loudly at the door. It was opened by a rosy-cheeked Irish girl, in a gay ball costume and dirty "Is there a family of the name of Ives living

in this house?" asked the old man.
"Yes, there be—the poor craythers; but not

"Yes, there be—the poor craythers; but not in there, sir," was the reply, as she saw Mr. Markham about to lay hold of the latch of a door near by. "That is Teddy McGuire's room. The Ives's are above, sir. I will be afther showin ye the way, an'ye please."

Uncle John followed the girl up the gloomy, dorty stairs a whole here.

dirty stairs, asking by the way, (for the old man was a bit of a Yankee,) what was the

man was a bit of a Yankee,) what was the cause of the festivity below.

"A wedding, sir. Mikey Flaherty is married to Tim Doolan's Bridget the night," returned the girl, with a smile; adding, as she pointed to a door at the extreme end of the passage, it is there ye will find them ye seek."

The old man turned to thank her, but she was already holf area.

was already half way down stairs, stepping to the lively measure of an Irish jig; so he walked on and knocked gently at the door which the girl had garl had pointed out. It was opened by the same pale-faced child whom he had seen in his nephew's store. She looked up to him with a quick glance of recognition, mingled with surprise, and then glanced toward her mother. who sat leaning over a miserable bed, on which lay a little child, over whose face the ashen hue of death was already stealing. Seeing that her mother did not observe the stranger, she

It's the gentleman who opened the door for

Thus disturbed, the woman looked up, ques tioningly, almost impatiently, at the intruder Excuse me, ma'm," began the old man, in apologetic tone, but deliberately shutting the door bebind him. "I fear I intrude; but the little girl is right. I am glad to find she get home safe. My nephew, Mr. Jimps, did not quite understand the child, it seems; and I have come to make it all straight." And he handed out a fire Aller Little. handed out a five dollar bill as he spoke.

The woman took the bill, looked at it a mosent, and returned it with a heavy sigh. I cannot change it, sir. I have not a cent

the all right, ma'm. I don't want any change—I mean Mr. Jimps don't; he isn't at all particular—that is—I say, keep it, ma'm; you need it all, and more too, in such weather as this?

The woman looked at him with mingled wonder and suspicion. At length, she said:

There is some mistake, sir. Mr. Jimps is a very length one. very particular man. He owes me but one blar, and it may bring both of us into trouble

If I keep the money."

Take it, I say Zounds! have not I a right

Take it, I say I mean hasn't Mr.

money? Take it, and make yourselves comfortable." THE NATIONAL ERA IS PUBLISHED WERKLY, ON SEVENTH The woman waited to be urged no more she eagerly clutched the money, and burst into

tears, as she cried-"The blessing of those ready to perish be upon you both, sir. I should not have sent out o-day; but we have neither food nor fuel, and little Jennie dying!"

"Have you no one whom you can send out after food and fuel?" asked the old man, with a glance toward the farther corner of the room, where from beneath a pile of rags, came the

heavy breathing of a man.
"Yes, returned the woman, as with a troubled expression her eye followed his; "but William, poor fellow, is not well. He is worn out," she went on with a sigh, "with care, and want, and trouble. If you will be kind enough to stay with Ellen, sir, I will run down myself, and get what we want. It's only two doors from here." she added, seeing the old man

about to remonstrate. There was something in her manner that re-called to the old man Mr. Jimps's remark about her husband's intemperate habits. She fears to trust him with the money, and perhaps she is right, thought he as he drew the scanty cov-ering over the dying child, and began to look about for something to kindle a fire with,

against the mother's return. The little girl laid down the coarse shirt sleeve she was stitching, and came to his aid; but they could find nothing but a few bits of

paper.
"That is Willie's kite, sir." whispered she as the old man laid his hand on that article 'He brought it with him when we moved from the country ; but I don't know as he will mind it much if we do take it, if he can only be

warm. As she spoke, a curly head peered out from beneath the rags in the corner, and, presently a little boy of five or six years old crept to

Willie, don't wake father!" she whispered, hushing his exclamation of surprise at the sight of the stranger. "We are going to have a fire, and something to eat, Willie," she added. "Mother has gone after the things. Mr. Jimps sent the money by this gentleman, and now it's all right.

The little boy's sleepy eyes flew wide open at the mention of food and fire, and he whis-pered, with a shy look at Uncle John—

"But will he take us away from the place, sister, and give us dinners every day, just we used to have them in the country was so hungry, and cried, last night, you said mebby some one would bring me a whole pocketfull of cakes, if I would go to sleep. Has he brought them, sissie !"

"Mother has gone after them," said the little

girl, while Uncle John took him upon his knee, and warmed his little red hands between his great palms. Ellen drew close to him, too, and he took her on the other knee, as he asked-

How long has the little one been sick

"Mother says she has never been well; but she ran about, and played with Willie and me, until we came here. Ever since, she has been poorly, and we have had to hold her all the while. Sometimes she laughs when I show her my rosebush, and puts up her hands to catch the leaves. Biddy Flaherty gave it to me, sir; to settle, before I can think of yours."

Besides, I have one but lately she does not seem to notice anything, and mother thinks she will die."

you belonged to any one, uncle!"

"You were mistaken, then," returned the been a member of the oldest Society in the world—the same of which our Society in the entered, followed by a man bearing food and

> greatest, the hungry-eyed children, as they ate their food by the glowing fire, or old John Markham's, as he sat by and looked on. We think the children's, however; for he could not but be saddened by the tale which he heard from the lips of the poor mother, as she hung over her child. It was the old story, which has blotted so many of the fair pages of the book of life. Poverty had followed sickness; thrown out of work, strangers in a strange place, disappointed and despairing, the husband and father had yielded to temptation, and tasted of the accursed cup, until he no longer cared for aught save the gratification of his brutal appetite. For some time past they had depended solely upon the earnings of the mother and little Ellen for support; and these had, of late, been much curtailed by the ill-ness of little Jennie. "I could not let her lie and die before my eyes, even though we were all starved," said the weeping mother. Uncle John Markham was not an eloquent

man—he never made a speech in his life; yet somehow, the words which he spoke to that fallen, discouraged husband, that night awoke feelings of hope and courage and self-respect in the poor fellow's heart, to which he had long been a stranger.

It was quite late when the old man reached his nephew's house that night, and Mr. Jimps and his wife were too sleepy to ask many ques-tions: but next morning, at the breakfasttable, they were disposed to be quite curious on the subject of his late hours.

"Fie, Uncle John," began Mrs. Jimps, smi

ling, as she handed him his coffee; "this never will do. I shall have to write to Aunt Saral "I think I shall write to her myself, thi

morning," returned the old man, in the same But uncle, these must be very interesting

people, these friends of yours, to keep you up so late," said Mr. Jimps. "They are; so much so, Dimmie, that I must introduce them to you. Will you call

with me some time in the course of the day? "With great pleasure, uncle."

It being New Year's Day, however, Mr.

Jimps, amid calls and business, quite forgot
Uncle John's proposal—the more readily as that old gentleman was absent most of the day on business of his own, and it was not until he was about to dress for the donation party in

the evening, that the old man saw fit to remi him of his engagement.
"Why, it is too late, now, Uncle John. Julia

has already commenced dressing for the party, said the little man. "Well, I can't go to this party with you until I have called on these friends, that's certain," said the old man. "If you are minded to go with me, Fil have black Simon and the sleigh at the door by the time you are dressed and we can be there and back again by the time Julia gets rigged, if she is like most wo-

bore them with flying steps along the crowded streets. On, on they went, past brilliantly lighted parlors, from whence came the sounds

lighted parlors, from whence came the sounds of music and laughter—on, to where the streets began to narrow, and the lights to dwindle, until, with a suddenness that almost took Mr. Jimps's breath from his body, the old man drew up before a rickety old building.

"Uncle John, you must have mistaken the place! your friends surely cannot live here!" cried Mr. Jimps, from beneath the many folds of his scarf. of his scarf.

"May be so—we'll see," was the reply, as the old man sprang out, and taking a rope from the sleigh, fastened black Simon securely to

It was too cold for Mr. Jimps to remonstrate; his teeth chatteerd, and his scarf was almost frozen to his lips, even then; so, stepping carefully in his dainty, glistening boots, he followed the old man through the gloomy hall and up the dirty stairs. Mr. Jimps was a somewhat fastidious person, and might, more than once, have taken exception to the various smells that, coming from the different rooms, seemed to congregate in that hall, had he not, fortunately, been too well wrapt up to be aware of nately, been too well wrapt up to be aware of them.

to do as I please with my—I mean hasn't Mr.

Jimps a right to do what he pleases with his

came, opened it himself. One glance around the apartment taught him the cause of that silence. Near the stove, with his little boy in his arms, who was sobbing in that peculiar, spasmodic manner that indicates the utter exhaustion of the physical frame, sat William Ives, with his eyes fixed upon the bed which had been arranged as decently as possible to receive the dead body of little Jennie. The

mother had done all her scanty means allowed. She had parted the soft hair on the little brow. She had parted the soft hair on the little brow, straightened the shrunken limbs, and robed them in a pretty white frock, the last relic of happier days. The dainty edgings with which it was trimmed were in strange contrast with the miserable bed coverings—edgings wrought by her busy fingers in those happy days when a mother's glad anticipations first stirred her heart. Then she had flung herself on her knees by the side of the bed, and with her face buried in the clothes, neither went nor face buried in the clothes, neither wept nor

moved. The grave-eyed Ellen stooped over the bed. The grave-eyed fillen stooped over the bed, and was trying to place a poor, sickly-looking rose in the cold hand of the little one. Uncle John glanced at the bush she had showed him the night before, and knew at once from whence it came. It was her all, poor thing!

She was the San to observe their entrance: and soon, both parents were mingling words of

deep gratitude with their tears.

"I shall never, never forget your kindness, sir. to the day I die!" exclaimed the mother, turning to Mr. Jimps. "Much as we needed the mon ey, starving as we were, we thought not less of your confidence in us then we did of that. It was so kind, so noble in you, to trust us! But you shall be repaid, sir; William and I are determined to do it, if we work our fingers to the bones! And this gentleman, to come as he did through the snow to aid us! Oh, how can we

ever be grateful enough?" "My kindness! repay me! you here!" ex-claimed the bewildered Mr. Jimps, turning to Uncle John, and rapidly unwinding the folds of

his scarf, as if pressed for breath.

"Yes, Dimmie, I was certain you did not quite understand the errand of that little girl yesterday, so I followed her home, and settled your bill myself. It was well I did, for the poor things needed it very much."
"Save a bit of bread for the children, and

spoonful of milk for-for" and the poor mother glanced sadly at the white-robed little figure on the bed, "for her, sir, we had not tasted food for two days." Mr. Jimps was neither an unjust nor hard-

hearted man; he had simply been guided by the current custom of the day; and, when he had subscribed his quota to any benevolent object, allowed himself to consider his responsibility at an end. Now, a new light broke in upon him; he turned to his old relative and said. earnestly:

"Thank you, thank you, Uncle John! you could not have done me a kinder deed; or," he

added, in a lower tone, "taught me a better lesson. It is one which I shall never forget." And, to do Mr. Jimps justice, he never did. He told-the story to Julia when they got home, and bravely took his share of the blame, while the tears gathered in her pretty eyes, and she almost forgot her present and the donation party in her interest in the Ives's.

They assisted the father in finding employment, aided and encouraged him in his struggles to overcome his evil habits, and even did not grumble when Uncle John took little Ellen

THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY GEORGE W. PUTNAM.

Noise dust, and turmoil e'er infest The world's close-crowded marts : Here are thousand weary, aching heads-Unnumbered weary hearts; Let us leave the city's din, to seek The Mississippi's springs,

And toward the gleaming sunset pass. As on an eagle's wings. See! here are doep and quiet lakes,

Where the forest shadows lay. High bluffs and spreading everglades. Silent the livelong day Save the drowsy hum of insect Or plaintive note of bird, Or perchance a gentle ripple When the forest loaves are stirred

Through rushy banks meandering Uncounted streamlets flow. The azure arch wide spanned above The greensward spread below; Far as the keen eye's vision The dark woods stretch away, And the untrodden mountain catches

The sunset's lingering ray. Return their flerce eyes' glance

And the eyerglades are moving Neath the fiery mustang's prance Earth opes her secret fountains. Rains pour down the craggy steep, That the Patriarch of the Waters From their full cup may drink deep.

Around these welling springs yet live Many a copper-colored band, Who by deadly touch of white man Still unpolluted stand , They know not his " fire water, Fruit of the foul fiend's art. Which wakes the stormy passions Of their too revengeful heart.

Nor the jingle of his bright gold. Evil's offspring and its root Or of treaties Heaven ratified-Trodden 'neath his ruthless foot Or those Christian sounds-the rifle's crack And chime of Sabbath bells ; Their poor wealth but bows and arrows Wigwam homes, and belts of shells

Here the red man has his dwelling, Far from the white man's haunts Here lights his solemn council fires Sings his solemn funeral chants; Indian lovers by the river Sit 'neath the beech tree's screen Hold their dance and feast of young corn, On its pleasant banks of green

Their wish is, through the forest To hear the sad winds moan. To watch above their fathers' graves, And in peace-be let alone Still to follow in the wild chase, Till they pass life's prairie bounds And go the spirit's journey,

Farewell to the humble bark but. To the red man's thoughtful brow From its sources to the Gulf stream. Moves the Mississippi now Farewell to the youthful hunter To his proud and dark eyed bride-From the lonely Indian village, Pass we down the sweeping tide From the far-off Indian country

The wild Missouri comes, Bearing sound of Kansas war song. And roll of Mandan drums. Swift his wave as are the fierce steeds, Which the bison hunters ride But he smooths his rugged features. For he waiteth here his bride.

Comes down the Illinois, And blushes as a bride will blush Led by the winged boy; One glance to Heaven-ber wet lip Kisses once her native shore; Wave meetsth wave—the giorious twain

See! in her dress of living green.

Hark ! o'er the forest comes the sound Of solemn passing bell, Rang by spirit hands above the place Where the martyred Lovesov fell Yet bear we faithful witness. That the patriot never dies, For the plant his blood first nourished Is towering to the skies!

Lo ' the far-famed St. Louis. With its turrets, looms before And soe! the low and sandy line Of "Bloody Island " shore " Rears its foul head to Heaven And souls rush to God's judgment bar Blood-stained and unforgiven

With their dark, mysterious arches Wrought by an unknown hand. The 'bluffs of Selma" stand And as we pass we pause to hear The chanting of a hymn, And look to see the mailed form Of sentry tall and grim.

More sad than its old namesake On the Egyptian sands, Clad in emblematic fungus, And still dripping, "Cairo" stands Here starved the love of lucre, Here e'en "Speculation" failed And, for loss of hopes and dollars

The sons of Mammon wailed

Given by the hand of God to mark

The slave land from the free The bright Ohio's silver wave Is sweeping to the sea. Hail' Jordan of the fugitive Thy border men are brave, And wee to the slave hunter

Who crosses o'er thy wave ' Thou comest as at evening comes The light of Luna's beam To mingle thy pure waters With the dark and turbid stream And spreading forth in silence Untracked by human eye. Thou goest on thy missi

To light and purify. So passing toward the sternal sea. Life's good and evil blond. But the good is indestructible, As its Author and its end; And every blow for human right, Each response to duty's calls Shall echo down the golden streets.

And ring from crystal walls! The moon is up-we glide on By the shore so dim and lone Past many a nameless ished.

Which no human foot bath known. Whose o'erhanging tangled thicket, In fantastic shapes arrayed, With the giant cottonwood throw down

A broad and gloomy shade. Tis midnight-all unbroken. Deep Silence holds her throne. Save the ascending steamer's throes, Like some fettered monster's groan, Or dash of wave upon her bow, Or ring of warning bell, Or cry of startled wild bird.

'Tis morning-now the sunshine Slowly lights the sombre scene And the forest's lofty summit Is robed in brighter green; Now wind the thickened wreaths of mist Up from the marches dank.

And smoke curls from out the chimneys Of the log hut on the bank.

See! yonder broad plantation, List! the negro driver's horn His foul cursos and his whip crack Are his greeting to the morn ! From their cabins creep the bondmen Cursing the morning ray, Which calls to toil and suffering Through another weary day

O God ' ere that bright orb at ev-Shall meet the Western wave. How shall the chain land redden With the warm blood of the slave Ere again, to greet his coming. These gloomy forests wake How shall the souls be trampled And the strong heart-strings break

Still on-the sun, ascending, Glances far adown the stream And round the distant headland The whirling waters gleam; The wood-crowned hills show dimly Through the mist shroud hanging o'er. And the vapor wreaths are sweeping Along the half-seen shore.

Where the scourges swing unceasing, Where the unpaid toilers bend, Through the land of woe and wailing Haste we to our journey's end-Knowing that while the poor and weak Are trampled by the strong. God's angels count the blood drops

And keep record of the wrong And hold our way 'neath silent woods. And shores storm-marked and rough Now, tempest-driven, we're rushing Past crag and black ravine, And scan the jungle's inmost depths,

By the lightning's vivid sheen. The storm has passed-around us Stand forests wet and dark : Now the sunshine lights our dripping deck More calmly glides our bark ; And fragrant scent of orange blooms Wild rose, and nameless flowers, Load the soft breeze, as if it came

Far down the hurrying river Hangs the tempest's shroud of gloom And follows on the lightning's flash The sullen thunder boom; Called for a moment from the field From blast and drenebing rain, The slave gangs now, at sound of horn, Bend to their tasks again.

From out lost Edon's howers.

Plantation joins plantation And the signs of ill-got gain Grow thicker all around us, As we near the distant main Crime stalks, all unmolested, O'er the fair and fertile land. And lifts defiant unto Heaven Its crimson dripping hand

Onward, brothers' falter never,

Though the shadow of Oppression

Glides before us on our way;

God reigneth in the Heavens,

Through the weary night and day,

Hope's sun shall never set, He shall bare his arm in vengeance And the Right shall triumph yet. It shall triumph, though its red march

the joyous finds itself in its true element. Pious souls, when they speak of death, say that they are going home. Their longing for heaven is to them a home-sickness. Jesus also represented the abode of eternal happiness under the life changing from one thing to another. So, picture of a home-a father's house. Does not this tell us that the earthly home is appointed to be a picture of heaven, and a foretaste of that higher home?

For the National Era. LEGEND OF THREE MILLERS.

BY ALICE CAREY.

millers were at work in the middle night. Why they were at work at this time, I know not but probably it was a busy season; and this seems the more likely, for that it was late au-tumn, and the wheat harvest and the corn harvest had been very abundant. Merrier times there were at the old mill than had been known there for many a long year; for, all day long, now, there was jesting and joking, one with another; for active employment makes the spirits light; and, besides, there were many strangers at the mill-young men and boys, chiefly, who are likely to be more gay and careless than older persons; for many years, how-ever lightly and brightly they pass, rest on as like a great burden after a while. So, as I said, there were merry times at the mill; for that so many youth came, day after day, with grists to be ground. And there was neighing of horses that waited for their masters; for of horses that waited for their masters; for greener and the sunshine brighter, and where many were tied under the trees and along the all the inhabitants grew rich without labor fences—some eating oats from little sacks that were tied about their noses, some craunching repeating it over and over, measuring wheat yellow corn from great baskets, and others nibbling the scant grass, for it was getting parched and dry, so far was the dewy freshness of sum.

The closer blossoms red and white. mer past. The clover blossoms, red and white, that had stood up and taken the sun, exhaling sweetness from their loose burs, and feeding the bees and humming-birds, were now flattened and brown, but not yet scentless. The mill-stream was dry though for that met and the most penniless. The Ralph, sat on a grain measure near the open mill-stream was dry though for that met the country of the mill listening to the said of the mill listening to the mill listening to the said of the mill listening to the mill listening to the mill listening to the mill listening to the said of the mill listening to t horses kept treading, and treading. The wheel was hung slantwise; so it perhaps seemed to the poor beasts that they should sometime get to the summit; for they seemed to be climbing a hill, no doubt. But, alas!

they never got any further. How many of us are on tread-wheels, just as they, round and round, and round and round, forever, and yet we get no further for our pains—further in years and further in sorrows, it is true; but nothing nearer to that bright be had looked upon the ground. His cheek summit, which, once wrapt in the golden mists of fancy, seemed so near. Half our lives we glass, as the light of the busy man's lantern are looking forward to some time of rest and beauty that is before us, and ere we are aware the Eden is past; and the remainder of the journey we go down, and look back wondering.

When he wrought, it was not for the love of reasoning, and of judgment, and of intuition, which God, our good father, has given us, lest we turn aside, and are lost in darkness-darkness only lightened by the ruined beauty of the

fallen son of the morning.

Yet it is all ordered wisely, we know; and I, who am treading on the wheel of time, blindest and weakest of all, must essay to be

"Contented, if I may enjoy The things which others understand. But I am wandering. I said the mill-stream was dry, for the mill stood in a hollow, along which in spring and early summer there ran bright runnel, overhung with wild willows and silver elms. The elm and willow leaves were both faded now, deeply yellow, and with every gust of wind dropped off and twirled earth-ward. Little heaps of them lay together here and there, among the veined pebbles and blue clayey stones that lay in the bottom of the brook. A few pools of water there were still o'ercrept with marish mosses, and alive with minnows and frogs that had gathered together

as the waters shrunk away.

Sometimes the ugly yellow and green toads climbed upon the loose stones, and sat abstracted and silent as philosophers. One would think they were quite oblivious to earthly sounds; nevertheless, if one of the three men who kept the mill chanced to go that way to fill his cup at the spring, (for there was a beautiful spring in that hollow,) with quick hop and plash they were lost in the green pools. They did not like so well the clear water that burst out a little way up the valley, in a stream, not large, but pure and cold, almost, as ice.

The immediate fountain was roughly walled about with the stones which some provident hand had at some time gathered brook; and the grass that sprouted out of the wall, and the thick green moss, were shadowed in the well; but beside, the water was clear you might see your face, as in a glass, if you looked into it; but no harmful thing ever coiled or hid itself there—perhaps that ugliness loves not beauty, nor the impure that which is pure.

A little way from the walled fountain the stream sunk and was lost among the loose stones and the wide-leaved and rustling grass; so all the water was in stagnant pools, as I said, except the sweet spring bubbling over its blue walls. Sometimes, lifted out of these fens, you might see the heads of serpents, black, gray, or copper-colored; so, even the heasts of the field would not drink there. I said even the beasts; but instinct is less likely to err than sense and reason. It seems to me more immediately the gift of God, and is perfect at first. The day that was gone had been sultry

"the blue fly had been singing i' the pane" a little, but the cock had not crowed all day, but had stood silently with shut eyes, while his feathery dames hard by wallowed in the dirt. Earlier than usual they flew into the trees, and turned their ruffled bosoms from the wind, which came soughing damply from the woods; for the sun went down behind a great black cloud, so that only a little red and stormy light

looked through.
"There will be rain," said the housewife, as Committee of Arrangements was appointed, to the cattle huddled close about the shed, "let the milking be early to-night." "Help me to lift my bags of flour into the cart," said the boy, who had been loitering

about the mill; "my oxen are but slow travel lers, and a storm is brewing."
"All in good time," said the farmer, as h scattered the last handful of wheat into the finely-broken ground, looking now at the clouded sunset, and now at the broad field thickly

sown with the plumpest grains of all the last year's harvest. The silver-winged twilight was presently gone; the cottage windows were closed, and so

gone; the cottage windows were closed, and so came on the night.

The two oxen—one dove-colored and the other black—lay close together, in dusty hollows not far from the house, their great broad foreheads upturned, and their black mournful eyes wide open. Often they shook their heads, as the rain pattered against their faces, and their white wide-spreading horns struck against cook other women they show did so. If the each other, sometimes, as they did so. If the storm had been dashing furiously, they might have risen and crouched against the rough brown trunk of the walnut tree, that, hard by, stood up and took the wind in its top; but for the slow drizzling they would not rise, but lay breathing hard, as if in endurance, and slash-ing their long tails against their huge sides. The solid beam of red oak which had bowed their patient necks all day was now leaned against the crib, the bows of white hickory growing stronger in the moisture. The boy who placed it there an hour agone, is asleep;

had been well used to work. He was lately though few had wrought more arduously or with better will than he, there was seldom more money in his purse than would fill his pipe for a week, leaving a trifle for the parish priest and widow; for Hartly had a liberal, if not a full hand, and few men have heard more earnest God-bless-you's than he for their alms-

derest possibility.

The middle night 1 am writing of, he was Once-it matters not when nor where-three usiest of all-now here, now there-doing many things in fact which seemed not to re-quire to be done, as if he worked partly for the love of work. He bore a small lantern in his hand, and in his sudden dashings hither and thither the light was often extinguished but, to great disadvantage, he wrought on in the dark, singing all the while, though the rain pattered dismally on the mill roof, as blithely as if "reddening Phœbus lifted his

golden fire. A merry man, and one of courage, too, was

the miller. Hartly, but his instability was his misfortune. And now, as he bore baskets of corn from place to place, and emptied great sacks of rye and oats into bins, he kept singing of a good land somewhere, where the meadows were

mill-stream was dry; though for that matter it door of the mill, listening to the rain as it pat-was little difference, for the mill was not moved by water, but by means of a wheel on which little way from the door struck its strong roots straight into the ground, and stood up like a column. It was closely neighbored by a scrub-by beech, with gnarled convolutions at the base. He was thinking of the Hamadryades, and linking together fragments of old stories, and now and then pushing back his yellow hair that was heavy with moisture, to listen to the soughing of the wind. His cheeks were pale, whether more or less in number, be allowed to and his eyes large and dark and melancholy

why we were not conscious of the good time that is gone. Ay me, we are blind or short-sighted, at best; and we must use the gifts of down the grass that would else quickly spread over his grave. But he strove languidly, and seemed to love the pale phantons that beckon-ed him to the grave. He had been a dreamer from early youth, and now he only wore the semblance without any of the power of man-

REMAINDER NEXT WEEK!

PROCEEDINGS OF THE FREE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION

Pursuant to a call of the National Commit tee, a National Convention of the Friends of Freedom assembled in Masonic Hall, in Pittshurgh, on Wednesday, August 11, 1852.
At 10 o'clock, A. M., the Convention was called to order by Samuel Lewis, of Ohio, Chairman of the National Committee; upon whose motion Hon. Rufus P. Spalding, of Ohio, was chosen Chairman of the temporary organ-ization; and S. M. Booth, of Wisconsin, and

Russell Effect, of Fellisylvania, were chosen Secretaries.

Rev. E. H. Nevin, of Cleveland, then ad-dressed the Throne of Grace.

The following resolution was offered by J. C. Woodman, of Maine, and unanimously adopt-

Russell Errett of Pennsylvania were chosen

State, to be designated by their respective del-egations, be appointed to report a plan of permanent organization for this Convention, and

ist of permanent officers. The roll of States was then called, and the following gentlemen were named as members

of the committee: Maine, Jabez Woodman; New Hampshire . W. Buffum; Vermont, Nicholas Gwindon Massachusetts, Francis W. Burd; R. Island, D. B. Harris; Connecticut, J. R. Hawley; New D. B. Harris; Connecticut, J. R. Hawley; New York, Charles O. Shepard; New Jersey, Alex-ander Black; Pennsylvania, Chas. C. Jackson; Delaware, Wm. Chandler; Maryland, J. E. Snodgrass; Virginia, John Parkinson; Ohio, Wm. G. W. Lewis; Kentucky, John H. Raw-lings; Ludiana Lean, Minkey, Minkey, M. lings; Indiana, Isaac Kinley; Michigan, A. A. Copeland; Illinois, A. Smith; Iowa, J. R. Whit

ham : Wisconsin, James H. Paine. On motion of Samuel Lewis, of Ohio, a com nittee of one from each State was appointed by the respective delegations, to report resolu-tions for the consideration of the Convention,

Austin Wiley, of Maine; George G. Fogg. of New Hampshire: C. F. Adams, of Massachu-setts; Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut; D. B. Harris, of Rhode Island; M. M. Davis, of Ver-mont; Gerrit Smith, of New York; Alex. Black, of New Jersey; J. M. Pusey, of Delaware; Dr. J. E. Snodgrass, of Maryland; Dr. F. J. Lemoyne, of Pennsylvania; J. R. Giddings, of Ohio; W. S. Elliott, of Michigan; J. H. Paine, of Wisconsin; S. S. Harding, of Indiana; D. S. Hough, of Illinois; Asa Turner, of Iowa; S. M. Bell, of Virginia; J. B. Crips, of Kentucky. On motion of Dr. Stone, of Massachusetts,

seat the respective delegations.

The Convention then adjourned to Lafayette Hall to transact their business, and permit a mass meeting to be organized in Masonic Hall. On motion of W. A. White, of Massachusetts, a Committee on Finance was appointed, consisting of Messrs J. Q. Day, of Maine; N. W. Stanley, of Connecticut; J. B. Alley, of Massachusetts; Samuel Gault, of New Hampshire; A. P. Burdick, of Rhode Island; N. Gwindon, of Vermont; C. A. Wheaton, of New York; J. C. Jackson, of Delaware; John S. Mann, of Pennsylvania; H. B. Spelman, of Ohio; J. J. Pettit, of Wisconsin; Samuel Johnson, of Indiana; E. S. Austin, of Illinois; D. P. Nichols, of lowa; J. P. Crips, of Kentucky.

The Convention then adjourned to 3 o'clock Afternoon Session

The Convention was called to order by the resident, at the appointed hour. The Committee on Permanent Organization made their report; which was amended, on motion of Lewis Tappan, of New York, by add-ing the name of Frederick Douglas to the list Secretaries, and was then unanimously adopted, as follows:
President—Hon. Henry Wilson, of Massa

Vice Presidents—Stephen Bathrick, of Me.; James Beverly, of New Hampshire; Wm. Jack-son, of Massachusetts; Titus Hutchinson, of Vermont; A. B. Burdick, of Rhode Island; J.

Mr. Lewis, of Ohio, and Mr. Hopkins, of Massachusetts, conducted the President to the chair, who addressed the Convention as fol-

Gentlemen of the Convention: Accept my givings. But. alas! unless he should speedily learn to keep in one straightforward path, the chance of his becoming rich is only the slenderest possibility.

Litertaining, as we do, some differences of opinion upon minor questions, we learn to keep in one straightforward path, the chance of his becoming rich is only the slenderest possibility. our affections the whole country, and the people of the whole country, of every race and condi

tion. [Cheers.]
Let us, gentlemen, invoke in our deliberations, the spirit of harmony and union. Let us feel that we labor for, and that we are pledged to, the separation of the Federal Government from slavery: that we must relieve the National Government from all responsibility for it, wherever it exists under its authority, and place it actively and perpetually on the side of Freedom. [Applause.] Let us feel, gentlemen, that we should so conduct our deliberations. that we may hasten on that day when the humblest slave that treads the soil of the Republic can stand up and say, I am a man, a brother, a FREEMAN. [Cheers] in the words of one of the nublest poets of Freedom, of our own land-

"Let us, then, uniting, bury All our idle feuds in dust. And to future conflicts carry Mutual faith and common trust.

rolonged applause. On motion of Mr. Woodman, of Maine Resolved, That a National Committee, of one from each State here represented, be appointed by the respective State delegations to-morrow morning

On motion of Judge Spalding, of Ohio,

Resolved, That all resolutions presented to
this Convention be referred to the Committee On motion of Mr. Hopkins, of Massachu-

Resolved, That the customary rules of Parliaaentary order, so far as applicable to this Convention, be adopted. The Committee on Organization also reported the following: which was adopted: That it be recommended to the Convention that the delegates present from each State,

cast as many votes as the State they represent s entitled to in the Electoral College, the manner of voting to be determined by each delegation for itself, and the vote to be declared by the chairman of each delegation. Mr. Wills, of Pennsylvania, moved to reconsider the report relative to voting by States; and after an animated discussion, and the proposal of various amendments, the subject was

referred to a committee of three, consisting of Messrs. Tappan of New York, Vaughan of Ohio, and Hopkins of Massachusetts.

The Convention adjourned to nine o'clock

to-morrow morning. SECOND DAY

The Convention met at 9 o'clock, the President in the chair. The throne of Grace was addressed by Rev. Owen Lovejoy, of Illinois. States were then called, and the following

THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1852.

persons were appointed by the respective dele gations: The National Free Democratic Committee Woodbury Davis, Belfast, Maine. George G. Fogg. Concord, N. H. Henry Wilson, Natick, Massachuseets, John Hocker, Hartford, Connecticut. James M. H. Dow, Providence, R. I. E. D. Barber, Middlebury, Vermont Charles A. Wheaton, Syracuse, N. Y.

Alex. Black, Swedesboro', Gloucester county ew Jersey. Wm. Chandler, Wilmington, Delaware. Wm. B. Thomas, Philadelphia. Wm. H. Brisbane, Cincinnati, Ohio Silas M. Holmes, Detroit, Michigan. C. Latham, Kenosha, Wisconsin. Stephen S. Harding, Milan, Indiana. Owen Lovejoy, Princeton, Bureau co., Ill. Sam. L. Howe, Mt. Pleasant, Henry co., Iowa John Gleen, Triadelphia, Ohio co., Virginia Cassius M. Clay, Whitehall, Madison co., Ky

J. E. Snodgrass, Baltimore, Md. The above Committee was afterwards organ-ized by the appointment of Hon. Henry Wilson, of Masachusetts, as Chairman, and Dr. Wil-Hubbard, of Indiana, were appointed Vice Presidents, in place of W. L. Elliott, and Raw-

son Vaile. Lewis Tappan, in behalf of the Committee on the manner of voting, presented the follow ing report: Resolved. That in voting for a platform, an address, or candidate for President and Vice President, each State, whether more or less in

number, be allowed to cast as many votes as

the State they represent is entitled to in the electoral college; and the vote of each State shall be declared by the chairman of each delegation: Resolved, That if there should be a difference of opinion among the delegates, the vote of a majority shall not be cast for the whole; but the chairman shall state the proportional number of votes given, which shall be counted

in Convention accordingly. After various propositions and some discus-sions, the report was adopted. Joshua R. Giddings, in behalf of the Committee on Resolutions, presented a report, which was read, accepted, after sundry amendments, by a vote of 194 to 15, and finally adopted as the Platform of the National Free Democracy,

PLATFORM OF THE NATIONAL FREE DEMOCRACY. Having assembled in National Convention as the delegates of the Free Democracy of the United States, united by a common resolve to maintain right against wrongs, and freedom against slavery; confiding in the intelligence, patriotism, and the discriminating justice of the American people, putting our trust in God for the triumph of our cause, and invoking his guidance in our endeavors to advance it, we now submit to the candid judgment of all men the following declaration of principles and measures:

1. That Governments, deriving their just powor that Governments, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, are instituted among men to secure to all, those inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, with which they are endowed by their Creator, and of which none can be deprived by valid legislation, except for crime.

2. That the true mission of American Democracy is to maintain the liberties of the peo-

ple, the sovereignty of the States, and the per-petuity of the Union, by the impartial applica-tion to public affairs, without sectional discrimnations, of the fundamental principles of equal rights, strict justice, and econ tration.
3. That the Federal Government is one of 3. That the Federal Government is one of limited powers, derived solely from the Constitution, and the grants of power therein ought to be strictly construed by all the departments and agents of the Government, and it is inexpedient and dangerous to exercise doubtful constitutional reverses.

Shall o'er fields of slaughter be;
But hark! I hear the surges
Of the Ocean rolling free!
The whitened crests before us
Speak our weary journey done,
And the spires of Orleans glitter
In the last rays of the sun.

Lynn, 12th June, 1852.

Home.—Love watches over the cradle of the infant, over the couch of the aged, over the welfare and comfort of each and all; to be happy, man retires from the out-door worldhome. In the household circle the troubled home. In the household circle the troubled home. He household circle the troubled heart finds consolation, the disturbed finds rest,

Against the crib, the bows of white hickory white hickory white hickory white hickory who placed it there an hour agone, is asleep; his slow team brought him home, before the crain set in. The sounds that made a busy din through the day have one by one subsided, and all is still, save the click of the old mill in the hollow.

Now and then, too, the wild snatch of some ballad or love-ditty went out into the night; for it was a prosperous season with the three mallers, and they were very gay, though neither alike in years nor dispositions.

The oldest hamed a busy din through the day have one by one subsided, and all is still, save the click of the old mill in the hollow.

Now and then, too, the wild snatch of some ballad or love-ditty went out into the night; for it was a prosperous season with the three ballad or love-ditty went out into the night; for it was a prosperous season with the three hollossings of Michigan; Asa Turner, of lows; Warren ballad or love-ditty went out into the night; for it was a prosperous season with the three halls in the lockory or property, without due process of Indiana: J. H. Collins, of Illinois; W. S. Elliott, of Michigan; Asa Turner, of lows; Warren ballad or love-ditty went out into the night; for it was a prosperous season with the trouble happy, man retires from the out-door world-home. In the household circle the troubled adventurous. He had blue, twinkling eyes, and din, of Ponnsylvania; Frederick